HYMNS

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IN

PROSE,

FOR

CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

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AMONG the number of Books compoſed for the Children: though there are many, and ſome on a very rational plan, which unfold the ſyſtem, and give a ſummary of the doctrines of religion; it would be difficult to find one calculated to aſſiſt them in the devotional part of it except indeed Dr. Watts' Hymns for Children. Theſe are in pretty general uſe, and the author is deſervedly honoured for the condeſcenſion of his Muſe, which was very able to take a loftier flight. But it may well be doubted, whether poetry ought to be lowered to the capacities of children, or whether they ſhould not rather be kept from reading verſe, till they are able to reliſh good verſe, for the

very essence of poetry is an elevation in thought and style above the common standard; if it wants this character, it wants all that renders it valuable.

The Author of these Hymns has therefore chosen to give them in prose. They are intended to be committed to memory, and recited. And it will be found, that the measured prose in which such pieces are generally written, is nearly as agreeable to the ear as a more regular rhythmus. Many of these Hymns are composed in alternate parts, which will give them something of the spirit of social worship.

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The

The peculiar design of this publication is, to impress devotional figures as early as possible on the infant mind; fully convinced as the author is, that they cannot be impressed too soon, and that a child, to feel the full force of the idea of God, ought never to remember the time when he had no such idea— to impress them by connecting religion with a variety of sensible objects; with all that he sees, all he hears, all that affects his young mind with wonder or delight; and thus by deep, strong, and permament associations, to lay the best foundation for practical devotion in future life. For he who has early been accustomed to see the Creator in the visible appearances

of all around him, to feel his continual presence, and lean upon his daily protection—though his religious ideas may be mixed with many improprieties, which his corrector reason will refine away—has made large advances towards that habitual piety, without which religion can scarcely regulate the conduct, and will never warm the heart.

A. L. B.

HYMNS

IN PROSE FOR

CHILDREN.

HYMN I.

COME, let us praiſe God, for he is exceeding great; let us bleſs God, for he is very good.

He made all things; the ſun to rule the day, the moon to ſhine by night.

He

He made the great whale, and the elephant; and the little worm that crawleth on the ground.

The little birds ſing praiſes to God, when they warble ſweetly in the green ſhade.

The brooks and rivers praiſe God, when they murmur melodiouſly amongſt the ſmooth pebbles.

I will praiſe God with my voice;

voice; for I may praiſe him, though I am but a little child.

A few years ago, and I was a little infant, and my tongue was dumb within my mouth:

And I did not know the great name of God, for my reaſon was not come unto me.

But now I can ſpeak, and my tongue ſhall praiſe him; I can think of all his kindneſs, and my heart ſhall love him.

Let

Let him call me, and I will come unto him: let him command, and I will obey him.

When I am older, I will praiſe him better; and I will never forget God, ſo long as my life remaineth in me.

HYMN

HYMN II.

COME, let us go forth into the fields, let us ſee how the flowers ſpring, let us liſten to the warbling of the birds, and ſport ourſelves upon the new graſs.

The winter is over and gone, the buds come out upon the trees the crimſon bloſſoms of the peach

and

and the nectarine are ſeen, and the green leaves ſprout.

The hedges are bordered with tufts of primroſes, and yellow cowſlips that hang down their heads; and the blue violet lies hid beneath the ſhade.

The young goſlings are running upon the green; they are juſt hatched, their bodies are covered with yellow down. The old ones hiſs with anger if any one comes near.

The hen ſits upon her neſt of ſtraw, ſhe watches patiently the full time, then ſhe carefully breaks the ſhell, and the young chickens come out.

The lambs juſt dropt are in the field, they totter by the ſide of their dams, their young limbs can hardly ſupport their weight.

If you fall little lambs, you will not be hurt; there is ſpread under you a carpet of

ſoft graſs, it is ſpread on purpoſe to receive you.

The butterflies flutter from buſh to buſh, aud open their wings to the warm ſun.

The young animals of every kind are ſporting about, they feel themſelves happy, they are glad to be alive,—they thank him that has made them alive.

They may thank him in their hearts, but we can thank him with

with our tongues; we are better than they, and can praiſe him better.

The birds can warble, and the young lambs can bleat; but we can open our lips, in his praiſe, we can ſpeak of all his goodneſs.

Therefore we will thank him for ourſelves, and we will thank him for thoſe that cannot ſpeak.

Trees that bloſſom, and little

lambs that ſkip about, if you could you would ſay how good he is; but you are dumb, we will ſay it for you.

We will not offer you in ſacrifice, but we will offer ſacrifice for you; on every hill, and in every green field, we will offer the ſacrifice of thankſgiving and the incenſe of praiſe.

HYMN III.

BEHOLD the Shepherd of the flock, he taketh care for his sheep, he leadeth them among clear brooks, he guideth them to fresh pasture; if the young lambs are weary, he carrieth them in his arms; if they wander, he bringeth them back.

But who is the shepherd's

ſhepherd? who taketh care for him? who guideth him in the path he ſhould go? and if he wander, who ſhall bring him back?

God is the ſhepherd's ſhepherd. He is the ſhepherd over all; he taketh care for all; the whole earth is his fold: we are all his flock; and every herb, and every green field, is the paſture which he hath prepared for us.

The mother loveth her little child;

child; ſhe bringeth it up on her knees; ſhe nouriſheth its body with food; ſhe feedeth it's mind with knowledge; if it is ſick, ſhe nurſeth it with tender love; ſhe watcheth over it when aſleep; ſhe forgetteth it not for a moment; ſhe teacheth it how to be good; ſhe rejoiceth daily in its growth.

But who is the parent of the mother? who nouriſheth her with good things, and watcheth

eth over her with tender love, and remembereth her every moment? Whose arms are about her to guard her from harm? and if she is sick, who shall heal her?

God is the parent of the mother; he is the parent of all, for he created all. All the men, and all the women, who are alive in the wide world, are his children; he loveth all, he is good to all.

The

The king governeth his people; he hath a golden crown upon his head, and the royal ſceptre is in his hand; he ſitteth upon a throne, and ſendeth forth his commands; his ſubjects fear before him; if they do well, he protecteth them from danger; and if they do evil, he puniſheth them.

But who is the ſovereign of the king? who commandeth him what he muſt do? whoſe hand

hand is ſtretched out to protect him from danger? and if he doeth evil, who ſhall puniſh him?

God is the ſovereign of the king; his crown is of rays of light, and his throne is amongſt the ſtars. He is King of kings, and Lord of lords; if he biddeth us live, we live; and if he biddeth us die, we die: his dominion is over all worlds, and the light of his countenance is upon all his works.

God

God is our Shepherd, therefore we will follow him: God is our Father, therefore we will love him: God is our King, therefore we will obey him.

HYMN IV.

COME, and I will ſhew you what is beautiful. It is a roſe fully blown. See how ſhe ſits upon her moſſy ſtem, like the queen of all the flowers! her

leaves

leaves glow like fire; the air is filled with her ſweet odour; ſhe is the delight of every eye.

She is beautiful, but there is fairer then ſhe. He that made the roſe, is more beautiful than the roſe: he is all lovely; he is the delight of every heart.

I will ſhew you what is ſtrong. The lion is ſtrong; when he raiſeth up himſelf from his lair. when he ſhaketh his

his mane, when the voice of his roaring is heard, the cattle of the field fly, and the wild beaſts of the deſert hide themſelves, for he is very terrible.

The lion is ſtrong, but he that made the lion is ſtronger than he: his anger is terrible; he could make us die in a moment, and no one could ſave us out of his hand.

I will ſhew you what is glorious. The ſun is glorious.

When he ſhineth in the clear ſky, when he ſitteth on his bright throne in the heavens, and looketh abroad over all the earth, he is the moſt excellent and glorious creature the eye can behold.

The ſun is glorious, but he that made the ſun is more glorious than he. The eye beholdeth him not, for his brightneſs is more dazzling than we could bear. He ſeeth in all dark

dark places; by night as well as by day; and the light of his countenance is over all his works.

Who is this great name, and what is he called, that my lips may praiſe him?

This great name is GOD. He made all things, but he is himſelf more excellent than all which he hath made: they are beautiful, but he is beauty;

they are ſtrong, but he is ſtrength; they are perfect but he is perfection.

HYMN V.

THE glorious ſun is ſet in the weſt; the night-dews fall; and the air which was ſultry becomes cool.

The flowers fold up their co-

loured

loured leaves; they fold themſelves up, and hang their heads on the ſlender ſtalk.

The chickens are gathered under the wing of the hen, and are at reſt; the hen herſelf is at reſt alſo.

The little birds have ceaſed their warbling; they are aſleep on the boughs, each one with his head behind his wing.

There is no murmur of bees around the hive, or amongſt the honeyed woodbines; they have done their work, and lie cloſe in their waxen cells.

The ſheep reſt upon their ſoft fleeces, and their loud bleating is no more heard amongſt the hills.

There is no ſound of a number of voices, or of children

at

at play, or the trampling of buſy feet, and of people hurrying to and fro.

The ſmith's hammer is not heard upon the anvil; nor the harſh ſaw of the carpenter.

All men are ſtretched on their quiet beds; and the child ſleeps upon the breaſt of its mother.

Darkneſs

Darkneſs is ſpread over the ſkies, and darkneſs is upon the ground; every eye is ſhut, and every hand is ſtill.

Who taketh care of all people when they are ſunk in ſleep; when they cannot defend themſelvs, nor ſee if danger approacheth?

There is an eye that never ſleepeth; there is an eye that

ſeeth

ſeeth in dark night, as well as in the bright ſun-ſhine.

When there is no light of the ſun, nor of the moon; when there is no lamp in the houſe, nor any little ſtar twinkling through the thick clouds; that eye ſeeth every where, in all places, and watcheth continually over all the families of the earth.

The eye that ſleepeth not is God's;

God's; his hand is ſtretched out over us.

He made ſleep to refreſh us when we are weary: he made night, that we might ſleep in quiet.

As the mother moveth about the houſe with her finger on her lips, and ſtilleth every little noiſe, that her infant be not diſturbed; as ſhe draweth the curtains

curtains around its bed, and ſhutteth out the light from its tender eyes; ſo God draweth the curtains of darkneſs around us; ſo he maketh all things to be huſhed and ſtill, that his large family may ſleep in peace.

Labourers ſpent with toil, and young children, and every little humming inſect, ſleep quietly, for God watcheth over you.

You may ſleep for he never ſleeps;

ſleeps: you may cloſe your eyes in ſafety, for his eye is always open to protect you.

When the darkneſs is paſſed away, and the beams of the morning-ſun ſtrike through your eye-lids, begin the day with praiſing God, who hath taken care of you through the night.

Flowers, when you open again, ſpread your leaves, and ſmell ſweet to his praiſe.

Birds

Birds, when you awake, warble your thanks amongſt the green boughs; ſing to him, before you ſing to your mates.

Let his praiſe be in our hearts when we lie down; let his praiſe be on our lips, when we awake.

HYMN VI.

CHILD of reafon, whence comeft thou? What has thine eye obſerved, and whither has thy foot been wandering?

I have been wandering along the meadows, in the thick graſs; the cattle were feeding around me, or repoſing in the cool

ſhade;

ſhade; the corn ſprung up in the furrows; the poppy and the hare-bell grew among the wheat; the fields were bright with ſummer, and glowing with beauty.

Didſt thou ſee nothing more? Didſt thou obſerve nothing beſides? Return again, child of reaſon, for there are greater things than theſe.—God was among the fields; and didſt thou not perceive him? His

beauty was upon the meadows; his ſmile enlivened the ſun-ſhine.

I have walked through the thick foreſt; the wind whiſpered among the trees; the brook fell from the rocks with a pleaſant murmur; the ſquirrel leapt from bough to bough; and the birds ſung to each other amongſt the branches.

Didſt thou hear nothing, but the murmur of the brook? no whiſ-

whiſpers, but the whiſpers of the wind? Return again child of reaſon, for there are greater things than theſe.——God was amongſt the trees; his voice ſounded in the murmur of the water: his muſic warbled in the ſhade; and didſt thou not attend?

I ſaw the moon riſing behind the trees: It was like a lamp of gold. The ſtars one after another appeared in the clear firma-

ment. Preſently I ſaw black clouds ariſe, and roll towards the ſouth; the lightning ſtreamed in thick flaſhes over the ſky; the thunder growled at a diſtance; it came nearer, and I felt afraid, for it was loud and terrible.

Did thy heart feel no terror, but of the thunderbolt? Was there nothing bright and terrible but the lightning? Return, O child of reaſon, for there are greater

greater things than theſe.—God was in the ſtorm, and didſt thou not preceive him? His terrors were abroad, and did not thine heart acknowledge him?

God is in every place; he ſpeaks in every ſound we hear; he is ſeen in all that our eyes behold: nothing, O child of reaſon, is without God;—let God therefore be in all thy thoughts.

HYMN

HYMN VII.

COME, let us go into the thick ſhade, for it is the noon of day, and the ſummer ſun beats hot upon our heads.

The ſhade is pleaſant, and cool; the branches meet above our

our heads, and ſhut out the ſun as with a green curtain; the graſs is ſoft to our feet, and a clear brook waſhes the roots of the trees.

The ſloping bank is covered with flowers: let us lie down upon it; let us throw our limbs on the freſh graſs, and ſleep; for all things are ſtill, and we are quite alone.

The cattle can lie down to ſleep in the cool ſhade, but

we

we can do what is better; we can raiſe our voices to heaven; we can praiſe the great God who made us. He made the warm ſun, and the cool ſhade; the trees that grow upwards, and the brooks that run murmuring along. All the things that we ſee are his work.

Can we raiſe our voices up to the high heaven? can we make him hear who is above the ſtars? We need not raiſe our

our voices to the ſtars, for he heareth us when we only whiſper; when we breathe out words ſoftly with a low voice. He that filleth the heavens is here alſo.

May we that are ſo young, ſpeak to him that always was? May we that can harly ſpeak plain, ſpeak to God?

We that are ſo young, are but lately made alive; there-

fore

fore we ſhould not forget his forming hand, who hath made us alive. We that cannot ſpeak plain, ſhould liſp out praiſes to him who teacheth us how to ſpeak, and hath opened our dumb lips.

When we could not think of him, he thought of us; before we could aſk him to bleſs us he had already given us many bleſſings.

He faſhioneth our tender limbs, and cauſeth them to grow; he maketh us ſtrong, and tall, and nimble.

Every day we are more active than the former day, therefore every day we ought to praiſe him better than the former day.

The buds ſpread into leaves, and the bloſſoms ſwell to fruit;

but they know not how they grow, nor who cauſed them to ſpring up from the boſom of the earth.

Aſk them if they will tell thee; bid them break forth into ſinging, and fill the air with pleaſant ſounds.

They ſmell ſweet; they look beautiful but they are quite ſilent: no ſound is in the ſtill air; no murmur of voices amongſt the green leaves.

The

The plants and the trees are made to give fruit to man: but man is made to praiſe God who made him.

We love to praiſe him, becauſe he loveth to bleſs us; we thank him for life, becauſe it is a pleaſant thing to be alive.

We love God, who hath created all beings; we love all

beings, becauſe they are the creatures of God.

We cannot be good, as God is good, to all perſons every where; but we can rejoice that every where there is a God to do them good.

We will think of God when we play, and when we work; when we walk out, and when we come in; when we ſleep and when

when we wake, his praiſe ſhall dwell continually upon our lips.

HYMN VIII.

SEE where ſtands the cottage of the labourer, covered with warm thatch; the mother is ſpinning at the door; the young children ſport before her on the graſs;

graſs; the elder ones learn to labour, and are obedient; the father worketh to provide them food; either he tilleth the ground, or he gathereth in the corn, or ſhaketh his ripe apples from the tree: his children run to meet him when he cometh home, and his wife prepareth the wholeſome meal.

The father, the mother, and the children, make a family; the father is the maſter thereof.

If

If the family is numerous, and the grounds large, there are ſervants to help to do the work: all theſe dwell in one houſe; they ſleep beneath one roof; they eat of the ſame bread; they kneel down together and praiſe God evere night and every morning with one voice; they are very cloſely united, and are dearer to each other than any ſtrangers. If one is ſick, they mourn together; and if one is happy, they rejoice together.

Many

Many houſes are built together; many families live near one another; they meet together on the green, and in pleaſant walks, and to buy and ſell and in the houſe of juſtice; and the ſound of the bell calleth them to the houſe of God, in company. If one is poor, his neighbour helpeth him; if he is ſad he comforteth him. This is a village; ſee where it ſtands encloſed in a green ſhade, and

the

the tall ſpire peeps above the trees. If there be very many houſes, it is a town—it is governed by a Magiſtrate.

Many towns, and a large extent of country, make a kingdom; it is encloſed by mountains; it is divided by rivers; it is waſhed by ſeas; the inhabitants thereof are country-men; they ſpeak the ſame language; they make war and peace together——a king is the ruler thereof.

Many

Many kingdoms, and countries full of people, and iſlands, and large continents, and different climates, make up this whole world—God governeth it. The people ſwarm upon the face of it like ants upon a hillock: ſome are black with the hot ſun; ſome cover themſelves with furs againſt the ſharp cold; ſome drink of the fruit of the vine; ſome the pleaſant milk of the cocoa-nut; and others quench

their

their thirſt with the running ſtream.

All are God's family; he knoweth every one of them, as a ſhepherd knoweth his flock: they pray to him in different languages, but he underſtandeth them all; he heareth them all; he taketh care of all; none are ſo great, that he cannot puniſh them; none are ſo mean, that he will not protect them.

Negro

Negro woman who ſitteſt pining in captivity, and weepeſt over thy ſick child; though no no one ſeeth thee, God ſeeth thee; though no one pitieth thee, God pitieth thee: raiſe thy voice, forlorn and abandoned one; call upon him from amidſt thy bonds, for aſſuredly he will hear thee.

Monarch that ruleſt over an hundred ſtates; whoſe frown is terrible as death, and whoſe armies

armies cover the land, boaſt not thyſelf as though there were none above thee:—God is above thee; his powerful arm is always over thee; and if thou doeſt ill, aſſuredly he will puniſh thee.

Nations of the earth, ſee the Lord; families of men, call upon the name of your God.

Is there any one whom God hath not made? let him not

worſhip him: is there any one whom he hth not bleſſed? let him not praiſe him.

HYMN IX.

COME, let us walk abroad; let us talk of the works of God.

Take up a handful of the ſand; number the grains of it; tell

tell them one by one into your lap.

Try if you can count the blades of grafs in the field, or the leaves on the trees.

You cannot count them, they are innumerable; much more things which God has made.

The fir groweth on the high mountain, and the grey willow bends above the ſtream.

The thiſtle is armed with ſharp prickles; the mallow is ſoft and woolly.

The hop layeth hold with her tendrils, and claſpeth the tall pole; the oak hath firm root in the ground, and reſiſteth the winter ſtorm.

The daiſy enamelleth the meadows, and groweth beneath the foot of the paſſenger; the tulip aſketh a rich ſoil, and

the careful hand of the gardener.

The Iris and the reed ſpring up in the marſh; the rich graſs covereth the meadows; and the purple heath flower enliveneth the waſte ground.

The water-lilies grow beneath the ſtream; their broad leaves float on the ſurface of the water: the wall-flower takes root in the hard ſtone,

and ſpreads its fragrance amongſt broken ruins.

Every leaf is of a different form; every plant hath a ſeparate inhabitant.

Look at the thorns that are white with bloſſoms, and the flowers that cover the fields, and the plants that are trodden in the green path. The hand of man hath not planted them; the ſower hath not ſcattered

ſcattered their ſeeds from his hand, nor the gardener digged a place for them with his ſpade.

Some grow on ſteep rocks, where no man can climb; in ſhaking bogs, and deep foreſts, and deſert iſlands; they ſpring up every where, and cover the boſom of the whole earth.

Who cauſeth them to grow every where, and bloweth the

ſeeds

feeds about in winds, and mixeth them with the mould, and watereth them with ſoft rains, and cheriſheth them with dews? Who fanneth them with the pure breath of Heaven; and giveth them colours, and ſmells, and ſpreadeth out their thin tranſparent leaves?

How doth the roſe draw its crimſon from the dark brown earth, or the lily its ſhining white?

white? How can a ſmall ſeed contain a plant? How doth every plant know its ſeaſon to put forth? They are marſhalled in order; each one knoweth his place, and ſtandeth up in his own rank.

The ſnow-drop and the primroſe, make haſte to lift their heads above the ground. When the ſpring cometh, they ſay, Here we are! The carnation waiteth for the full ſtrength of

the

the year; and the hardy laurustinus cheereth the winter months.

Every plant produceth its like. An ear of corn will not grow from an acorn; nor will a grape-stone produce cherries; but every one springeth from its proper seed.

Who preserveth them alive through the cold winter, when the

the ſnow is on the ground, and the ſharp froſt bites on the plain? Who ſaveth a ſmall ſeed, and a little warmth in the boſom of the earth, and cauſeth them to ſpring up afreſh, and ſap to riſe through the hard fibres?

The trees are withered, naked, and bare; they are like dry bones. Who breatheth on them with the breath of ſpring, and they are covered with verdure,

dure, and green leaves ſprout from the dead wood?

Lo, theſe are a part of his works; and a little portion of his wonders.

There is little need that I ſhould tell you of God, for every thing ſpeaks of him.

Every field is like an open book; every painted flower hath

hath a lefſon written on its leaves.

Every murmuring brook hath a tongue; a voice is in every whiſpering wind.

They all ſpeak of him who made them; they all tell us he is very good.

We cannot ſee God, for he is inviſible; but we can ſee his

works, and worſhip his footſteps in the green ſod.

They that know the moſt, will praiſe God the beſt; but which of us can number half his works?

HYMN

HYMN X.

CHILD of mortality, whence comeſt thou? why is thy countenance ſad, and why are thine eyes red with weeping?

I have ſeen the roſe in its beauty; it ſpreads its leaves to the morning ſun—I returned, it was dying upon its ſtalk;

the grace of the form of it was gone; its loveliness was vanished away; the leaves thereof were scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again.

A stately tree grew on the plain; its branches were covered with verdure; its boughs spread wide and made a goodly shadow; the trunk was like a strong pillar; the roots were like crooked fangs. I returned, the

the verdure was nipt by the eaſt wind; the branches were lopt away by the ax; the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed; it mouldered away, and fell to the ground.

I have ſeen the inſects ſporting in the ſun-ſhine, and darting along the ſtreams; their wings glittered with gold and purple; their bodies ſhone like the

green emerald: they were more numerous than I could count; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance—I returned, they were bruſhed into the pool; they were periſhing with the evening breeze; the ſwallow had devoured them; the pike had ſeized them: there were none found of ſo great a multitude.

I have ſeen man in the pride of his ſtrength; his cheeks glowed

ed with beauty; his limbs full of activity; he leaped; he walked; he ran; he rejoiced that he was more excellent than thoſe —I returned, he lay ſtiff and cold on the bare ground; his feet could no longer move, nor his hands ſtretch themſelves out; his life was departed from him; and the breath out of his noſtrils;—therefore do I weep, becauſe DEATH is in the world; the ſpoiler is among the works of God: all that is made, muſt

be

be deſtroyed; all that is born, muſt die: let me alone, for I will weep yet longer.

HYMN XI.

I HAVE ſeen the flower withering on the ſtalk, and its bright leaves ſpread on the ground—I looked again, and it ſprung forth afreſh; the ſtem

was

was crowned with new buds, and the ſweetneſs thereof filled the air.

I have ſeen the ſun ſet in the weſt, and the ſhades of night ſhut in the wide horrizon; there was no colour, nor ſhape, nor beauty, nor muſic; gloom and darkneſs brooded around.---I looked, the ſun broke forth again from the eaſt, and gilded the mountain tops; the lark

roſe

roſe to meet him from her low neſt, and the ſhades of darkneſs fled away.

I have ſeen the inſect, being come to its full ſize, languiſh and refuſe to eat: it ſpun itſelf a tomb, and was ſhrouded in the ſilken cone; it lay without feet, or ſhape, or power to move—I looked again, it had burſt its tomb; it was full of life, and ſailed on coloured

wings

wings through the ſoft air; it rejoiced in its new being.

Thus ſhall it be with thee, O man! and ſo ſhall thy life be renewed.

Beauty ſhall ſpring up out of aſhes, and life out of the duſt.

A little while ſhalt thou lie in the ground, as the ſeed lieth in

in the bosom of the earth: but thou shalt be raised again; and, if thou art good, thou shalt never die any more.

Who is he that cometh to burst open the prison doors of the tomb, to bid the dead awake, and to gather his redeemed from the four winds of heaven?

A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, but he descendeth on a fiery cloud;

cloud; the ſound of a trumpet goeth before him; thouſands of angels are on his right hand.

It is Jeſus, the Son of God; the ſaviour of men; the friend of the good.

He cometh in the glory of his Father; he hath received power from on high.

Mourn not, therefore, child

of immortality!—for the ſpoiler, the cruel ſpoiler, that laid waſte the works of God, is ſubdued: Jeſus hath conquered death:—child of immortality! mourn no longer.

HYMN XII.

THE roſe is ſweet, but it is ſurrounded with thorns: the lily of the valley is fragrant, but it ſpringeth up amongſt the brambles.

The ſpring is pleaſant, but it is ſoon paſt: the ſummer is

bright, but the winter deſtroyeth the beauty thereof.

The rainbow is very glorious, but it ſoon vaniſheth away: life is good, but it is quickly ſwallowed up in death.

There is a land, where the roſes are without thorns, where the flowers are not mixed with brambles.

In that land, there is eternal spring, and light without any cloud.

The tree of life groweth in the midst thereof; rivers of pleasures are there, and flowers that never fade.

Myriads, of happy spirits are there, and surround the throne of God with a perpetual hymn.

The angels with their golden harps ſing praiſes continually, and the cherubim fly on wings of fire!

This country is Heaven: it is the country of thoſe that are good; and nothing that is wicked muſt inhabit there.

The toad muſt not ſpit its venom amongſt turtle-doves;

nor the poiſonous hen-bane grow amongſt ſweet flowers.

Neither muſt any one that doeth ill enter into that good land.

This earth is pleaſant, for it is God's earth, and it is filled with many delightful things.

But that country is far better: there we ſhall not grieve any

any more, nor be ſick any more, nor do wrong any more; there the cold of winter ſhall not wither us, nor the heats of ſummer ſcorch us.

In that country there are no wars nor quarrels, but all love one another with dear love.

When our parents and friends die, and are laid in the cold ground, we ſee them here no more;

more; but there we shall embrace them again, and live with them, and be separated no more.

There we shall meet all good men, whom we read of in holy books,

There we shall see Abraham, the called of God, the father of the faithful; and Moses, after his long wanderings in the Arabian desert; and Elijah, the prophet of God; and Daniel, who

who escaped the lions' den; and there the son of Jesse, the shepherd king, the sweet singer of Israel.

They loved God on earth; they praised him on earth; but in that country they will praise him better, and love him more.

There we shall see Jesus, who is gone before us to that happy place; and there we shall behold

behold the glory of the high God.

We cannot ſee him here, but we will love him here: we muſt be now on earth, but we will often think on heaven.

That happy land is our home: we are to be here but for a little while, and there for ever, even for ages of eternal years.

THE END.

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